New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements

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No More Obstruction

Our neighbor *The Review* is right. The country, tired of delay, wants the treaty ratified—ratified with clarifying and safeguarding reservations, so drawn as to secure prompt acquiescence abroad. Senator Hitchcock plays politics and makes threats, but his politics is childish and his threats are feeble bluffs.

The case has been heard, and Senate and country have made up their minds. Never was there chance that a secretly prepared document would be accepted without reading or examination on any one's say so. It has long been manifest, if new machinery is to be set up at all, that it is necessary to have reservations. To oppose reservations thus has been to oppose ratification.

The preposterous "sign here" programme brought from Paris collided with a Constitution which provides that a President shall submit his treaty work to the Senate for approval. The Constitution, according to its habit, refused to budge. It was certain the Senate would not yield to dictation when to yield meant to consent to the making of a vicious precedent which would be pointed to by other Presidents as they sought to avoid democratic control of foreign relations. Even though the covenant in itself had been unobjectionable, the debate was keyed so as to make some sort of *pro forma* change essential to vindicate a great principle.

But the Senate dealt not with a perfect instrument, but with a highly imperfect and ambiguous one. Point by point the "sign here" advocates have been beaten in the argument. At last even the President admits the propriety of interpretators. His contention has recently had no more substance than that he objects not to what is proposed but to the way it is proposed to do it. The White House seems to think the outside world can be kept ignorant as to our construction of the covenant provided we do not express our construction in the resolution of ratification. Obviously, the only honest course is openly to declare our understanding of the obligations we enter into.

As to the covenant itself the public has gained an adequate comprehension. It painfully disappoints the hope of the world. It fails to provide the safeguards of peace that were expected. But, insufficient as it is, it secures the assembling of periodic international conferences to talk over disputes, and, although there is no guarantee of action or agreement, the country, hoping for the best, is willing to have the conferences assemble. So it would not wreck the whole instrument—would save what good there is in it. This saving is provided for in the resolution which the Foreign Relations Committee has recommended for passage.

Ratification with reservations! No reason exists for postponing action. Senator Hitchcock and his colleagues should desist from further obstruction.

The Aviation Death Toll

Seven deaths in the transcontinental air race, the greatest aerial enterprise in history! Man is compelled to pay the toll to a nature which is jealous of his progress.

The price, though heavy, is small when compared to the cost in the development of the railroads and motor transportation. When we consider the number of flying hours actually put in every day throughout the country the fatalities are surprisingly few.

An analysis of the deaths reveals that but one was due to a defect in the machine; the others were directly caused by error of judgment—inherent in all mankind—and bad weather conditions.

The sole death due to defective machinery came when Colonel Brandt was compelled to descend, with a broken oil pipe. At the critical moment, while above a steep bank, his engine failed completely, and in the forty-foot fall that ensued his observer, Sergeant Nevitt, was fatally injured.

Two of the fatalities were caused by the bad weather encountered by the unfortunate aviators, and by a strange freak of fortune both were killed by driving their machines into the side of a mountain. Another remarkable fact concerning these two disasters is that both of the observers, although injured, were not seriously hurt.

In connection with these fatalities, all but one of which occurred in the United States Air Service's De Haviland 4 biplanes, there has been brought home a lesson in design.

The De Haviland 4 is a modification of the British model of the same name. In it the pilot's seat is situated between the engine and the gasolene tank. In almost every crash in which this type of airplane has figured the pilot has been either badly crushed between the engine and the tank or killed outright.

The British early perceived the fault in construction of this type of machine and modified it in the succeeding De Haviland 9, and placed the tank next to the engine. Some of the American DH-4s have been modified and the tank placed ahead of the pilot's seat. Why not all?

Confusing Explanations

In his speech on dominion, colony and dependency representation in the league of nations Senator McCumber scarcely solved the treaty puzzle. He says first that neither the council nor the assembly "decides international disputes at all." This statement is then amplified as follows: "The only jurisdiction which either the council or the assembly can have over a dispute between nations is the right to investigate and report what the true facts are concerning the dispute and make recommendations in regard thereto."

The Senator thus assumes that recommendations do not amount to a decision—that the conclusion reached by the council is not morally binding on all members of the league; yet Article XV says specifically that if the council makes a unanimous report (the representative or representatives of the litigant powers being excluded from voting) "the members of the league agree that they will not go to war with any party to the dispute which complies with the recommendations of the report."

If Mr. McCumber is right in his contention that the council and the assembly act merely as referees, without power of decision, Article XV needs to be clarified.

The North Dakota Senator says that "the British Empire, being a member of the council, which consists of nine nations, has but one vote in such council, and that as neither Canada nor any other British dominion or possession has a separate membership in such council, of course neither could have a vote therein." Yet President Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George signed an opinion assuring Premier Borden that there is no obstacle in the provisions of the covenant to the election of Canada as a member of the council.

Again, Mr. McCumber says: "A dispute between one country and another country composed of a dominant power and its dominions or possessions is a dispute with each and every part of such country, and hence in a dispute between the British Empire or any member thereof and any other country all parties to the dispute would be excluded."

He thus accepts President Wilson's theory of the diplomatic unity of the British Empire as represented in the league and holds, in so far as the United States may be involved in disputes, that we can have none with the British Empire as distinguished from its dominions, colonies and dependencies, or with any of the latter as distinguished from the mother country. Yet he acknowledges in his speech that the empire and the dependent parts would be entitled to vote severally in a dispute between other members—between Serbia and Rumania, for instance. Then they would also be entitled to vote in a dispute between Serbia or Rumania and the United States.

Here the failure of the covenant to define the real status in the league of dominions, colonies and dependencies is clearly revealed. Are they full members or only limited members? That is a question which must be faced and which only a clarifying reservation to the covenant can solve.

The Future of Cyprus

The disposal of Cyprus is not within the scope of the authority of the peace conference, resting with Great Britain; but the outlook is that the British government will grant the petition of the Archbishop of Cyprus—namely, that the island shall "return to the motherly bosom of Hellas."

Early in the war Great Britain offered to cede Cyprus if Greece would do her part in protecting civilization. But the infamous Constantine controlled in Athens and defeated the expressed wish of the Greek people. But as soon as she was free Greece came in, and seems entitled to the benefit of the *nunc pro tunc* principle of the law.

If the transfer occurs it will throw a sidelight on the validity of two dogmas much exploited. One is that political relations are inevitably determined by economic self-interest. The other is that imperialistic nations have such lust for possession that they never voluntarily pull down a flag.

The Cypriote has seen his island pass from one outside lord to another. Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Normans, Venetians, Turks and Britons have ruled him. Except the Greeks and to some extent the Romans, and notably the Britons, the successive conquerors have preyed and destroyed. The island is one of ruins—as often as industry has reared an edifice it has been thrown down.

In the forty years since the Turk went a transformation has come. The smiling hills and valleys are once more heavy with harvests, and Cyprus is prosperous as never in 3,000 years. Yet the Cypriotes, who made a soul marriage with Greece in far-off days, seem unanimously to prefer to become a gleaner with the Hellenic Naomi to sharing a life of plenty in the British Moab. With peoples there is something stronger and more compelling than thought of immediate economic advantage.

And as Cyprus would join Greece, so Great Britain would suspend imperialism. The only argument heard for retention is that Cyprus may prove another Helgoland—that a neutralized Dardanelles may not forever remain neutralized, that Greece may not be able or perhaps disposed to prevent the use of the island as a place from which to attack the Suez Canal. Otherwise there would be no voice against the cession.

Poland, Bohemia, Fiume, like Cyprus, proclaim how ardently burns the spirit of nationality. It overcomes the longing for a well-filled purse. And as to imperialism it is shown that nations do not generally covet other people's lands—annex chiefly to meet a responsibility or to guard against dangers legitimately feared. But sociology, the science that considers the human animal in his social relations, is still in the hands of the deductionists—of those who assume the universal validity of assumed principles, instead of inductively studying facts and humbly drawing conclusions therefrom. The Marxite will, of course, ignore Cyprus and its lessons.

Which Sort of Union?

A Teachers' Union or a Union of Teachers. This is the problem that confronts the 23,000 public school teachers of New York.

At first glance there may not seem much difference between the two. But there is a vast difference. The Teachers' Union is an organization already in being. It claims to have 2,000 members and is admitted to have approximately 500. They are teachers of Red tendencies, believers in "direct action," radicals and socialists, and they are most actively seeking new members for their organization. The Teachers' Union is affiliated with the Central Federated Union. It believes in the strike and the sympathetic strike.

Opposed to them are the vast majority of the teachers who, while fully in sympathy with labor and the legitimate aspirations of labor, believe a strike of school teachers would be no less objectionable than a strike of the police force. Yet they find themselves unable to secure action on what they consider their proper and legitimate demands because of the lack of effective organization. Slowly they are drifting toward radicalism. The spirit of unrest among the great body of teachers is becoming more pronounced and the leaders among them foresee a great and powerful Teachers' Union affiliated with the Central Federated Union, pledged to the strike and the sympathetic strike, and teaching the doctrines subversive of democracy, unless a Union of Teachers is formed to offset the Teachers' Union.

The Union of Teachers as visualized by the leaders of the movement would take in as nearly as possible the entire teaching body of the city. It would welcome the radicals as members. And it would set itself determinedly against the strike as a weapon for the teachers, while using to the full the power of a solid block of 23,000 votes to accomplish what it holds to be best for the educational interests of the city—and for their personal interests as teachers.

Leaders, among the teachers have been brought to see the need for something in the form of a Union of Teachers. At the present time there are sixty-three organizations of teachers in the public schools of New York. Sixty of these organizations are combined in the Federation of Teachers' Associations. But the federation is for all practical purposes a close corporation composed of the presidents of the various teachers' organizations.

There is little actual contact by the great body of teachers with the federation. The officers of the various associations are usually elected without contest. A ticket is put up by the managing group and there is a formal invitation for other nominations, but an opposition ticket seldom appears and the election is commonly perfunctory. Presidents of the association are likely to continue in office year after year, and form automatically the Federation of Teachers' Associations. The great body of teachers often learn what has been done in their name after action has been taken. And they are getting restive under this régime.

The Federation of Teachers' Associations has heard the voice calling so loudly in protest, and proposals for a reorganization will be brought forward at the next meeting, on November 25. It remains to be seen whether the situation will be wisely met.

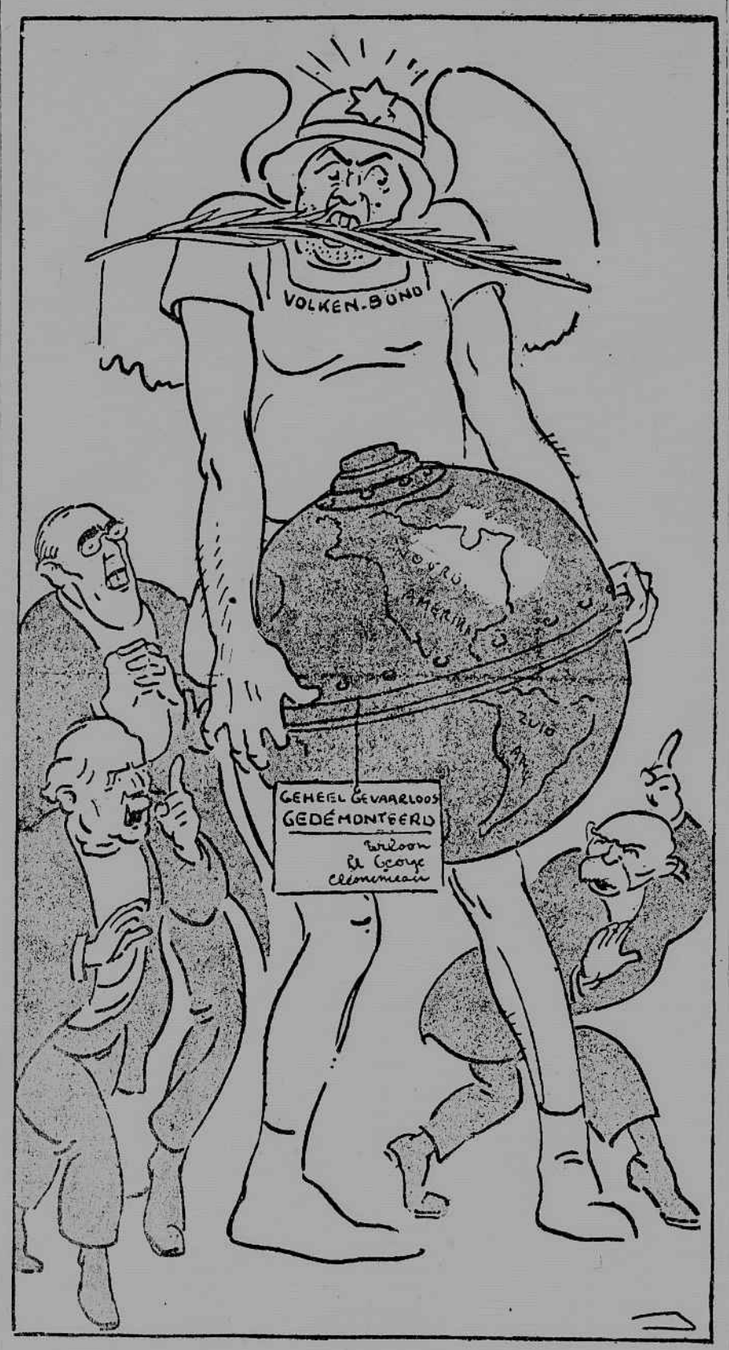
Class Parties

(From The Nashville Tennessean)

The plan of a committee of forty-eight to call a convention in St. Louis for the purpose of organizing a new party with the farm and labor organizations as its basis is no more likely to succeed in a national way than has the Nonpartisan League, whose leader has been sentenced by a jury in Jackson County, Minn., to three months' imprisonment for conspiracy and sedition. The aim of President Townley of the league, which in reality is anything but nonpartisan, was to band the farmers of the Northwest together and then to spread the doctrine of special privilege among the farmers of all sections for political ends.

Any new party which professes to strive after benefits for a group of citizens to the exclusion of all other citizens is doomed to failure. It is contrary to the great American principle of equal rights for all. A party which is not big enough to include men of all classes, all professions and all trades, is not big enough to attract the right-thinking majority which is to be found in any one group.

A DUTCH VIEW OF THE LEAGUE



—From *Notenkraker*, Amsterdam

The large figure with the clipped wings is labelled "League of Nations." The globe, shaped like a mine, which he carries so gingerly, is labelled "Perfectly Harmless—Fuse Removed—Wilson, Ll. George, Clemenceau." In the caption the three peacemakers are exclaiming: "Be careful! It might go off!"

The Vanished Americans

From the Tribune Paris Bureau

WHERE are the Americans?

"Where," asked that engaging rascal and great poet, François Villon, "are the snows of yesteryear?"

The Americans have melted away from Paris as the snows melt, leaving here and there, like the snows, a little trace. But, as a rushlight in a tunnel serves only to make darkness visible, so these forlorn men in khaki, drifting where so recently hundreds moved, throw the change of the last few months into sharp relief.

Once there was current the story of the remark with which an American woman took leave of Paris. She had lived at the Ritz, she had driven in the Champs-Elysées and in the Avenue du Bois de Bologne; she had shopped in the most expensive street in the world—the Rue de la Paix; she had dined at Voisin's or the Café de Paris; she had arrived late at the theatres of the *Grands Boulevards*, and everywhere she had met people who were known to her. To all intents and purposes she never had come abroad at all, and as she went she said:

The French Tenth

"I've had a perfectly wonderful time, and I think Paris is simply too sweet. But I *should* have liked to see the French quarter."

I told the story to an American yesterday, and he commented laughingly: "French quarter? Why, it's not so long ago that the French didn't even have a tenth!"

It was true—or at least it seemed true to those who lived in Paris in those days. The men in khaki, the girls in the gray of the Y. M. C. A. uniform, or in the more sombre dress of the Red Cross, were everywhere.

And now? Hen's teeth are not more scarce. A taxi is not more difficult to find.

Turn into the Café de la Régence, diagonally opposite the Comédie Française. It is the great chess centre of Paris, and they will even show you the table on which the great Napoleon was wont to play. There, in the section given up to the game, not so long ago you could see, at any chance visit, three, four, a round half-dozen American lads trying their skill against the French habitués. Last night there was not one.

I moved into the room on the right as you enter, where the names of past masters of the game are blazoned on the walls, and one lonely and aged American colonel was the only representative of his country at the dining tables, where no longer ago—it seems—than yesterday you might have seen ten or twenty.

Omnipresent America

As in the Café de la Régence, so everywhere, for the Americans did not confine themselves to that big cosmopolitan area which radiates from the Opéra. You met them in every part of the city, moving back and forth on their lawful occasions. The "Metro" gave you the measure of the completeness of their occupation of Paris.

The capital of France is a fat, round city—not long and narrow, like New York. Its subways—the Metro and the Nord-Sud—circle and wind and criss-cross about below ground, and you have got to get the hang of a very complicated system if you would find your subterranean way. In the last eighteen months I suppose that I have travelled over every section of their many lines, and (here is the point) never without seeing an American or Americans descend or get aboard at every station. But to-day, on the Metro and the Nord-Sud, the American is the exception where he used to be the rule.

In the Metro

Listen to a story of the Metro which dates back to August, 1918, which you will remember to have been a time of terrible anxiety. The train was full as it moved between the Etoile and the Place de la Concorde, even the spaces between the seats being crowded, when there entered two youngsters in the uniform of Uncle Sam, one of whom carried his arm in a sling.

There is in France a pleasant custom, which is more than a custom, for it is a law as of the Medes and Persians. A wounded man is entitled to a seat, no matter who may be occupying that seat, and if he is a *grand blesse* you will see every man, woman and child call to him to take their places, eager for the honor of making way for him, of contributing what little they can to his comfort.

Our young American was not by any means a *grand blesse*, but he was a wounded man, and that was enough for a little old French woman who sat near the door by which he entered. She was a prim little old lady, who somehow made you think of New England and the stories that Mary E. Wilkins used to write. She had little quick movements, she had little bright eyes that darted and peered like a bird's, and she hopped from her seat like a nervous little sparrow and waved the youngster to her place.

The French Code

She was a woman and she was old—and the lad's code presented these facts as two immense and overwhelming reasons why he should not take her seat. Obviously, he had forgotten his wounded arm, and he made a shy motion which spoke of thanks and refusal. It had about as much effect on the little old lady's determination as a shadow has on a rock.

She touched his bandage gently—very gently—and "Je vous en prie, monsieur," said she, once again indicating the empty place.

The boy's embarrassment was painful to behold. He was red from the neck to the scalp, and he looked piteously at his pal. But his pal (also red, but not from embarrassment) had chosen that moment to make a study of the roof of the carriage, and there was no help. The little old lady knew no English, and it was clear that the boy knew no French. He reached for his cap, made the little old lady a salutation that was something between a nod and a bow, and sat down.

The little old lady's pleasure was delightful to witness. She stood beside the boy, she positively bridled, and she looked about her with an air that said: "This, I would have the assembled company to know, is *my* wounded American. He belongs to *me*. He is sitting in the place that *I* gave to him. Touch him at your peril."

And the lad! His cap was still in his hand, his face was still scarlet, and he was staring at those near him with extraordinary fierceness. Unless I am sadly mistaken, his thoughts ran something like this: "Let me catch even the shadow of a grin on the face of one of you guys, and there'll be an American atrocity right in this car."

But nobody grinned. Every one found the little incident—which took much less time than I have spent in writing of it—entirely natural. I didn't want to grin, either. I had a big lump in my throat, and I couldn't.

Those were good days, even though they were terrible days. Those lithe, smiling lads and those free-moving, frank American girls gave Paris a quality that to-day it lacks.

A Precedent

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I picked up "The Tale of Two Cities." Was Dickens writing of the period of the French Revolution or our own? How few changes are needed to make it fit ourselves. Let's go. Here's the text.

CHAPTER I—The Period

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the degree superlative of comparison only. There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the state preserves of the loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled forever."

A. W. HARRINGTON.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1919.

From Screen to Print

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I wonder if the disaffected workers in the printing trade appreciate that a public can easily grow away from a liking for printed literature in this day of widespread screen adaptation. I put this to them as a lover of literature.

The reading of current books and magazines is, after all, a habit, just as is going to the screen entertainments. One can do without either. Of course, the need of good books and periodicals is a stimulant and an inspiration to the average mind; but it is not a necessity, like the consumption of food and drink.

The striking members of the printing trades would do well to remember this: That the book and magazine industry does not live by the support of the occasional reader. They are supported by the men with whom reading has become a habit. The evil of a shut-down is the enforced breaking of this habit. The literary consumer will be compelled to seek another form of diversion, and the supplying of it is very simple in these days of picture palaces around the corner—most of them presenting film fiction by the very authors whose work the former literary consumer will be missing through the shut-down in publishing.

To give you an idea: The "coming attractions" page of the neighborhood picture houses list screen adaptations like Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables," Leroux's "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," Davis's "Soldier of Fortune," Martin's "Barnabetta," two by Beach and two by Chambers. In fact, it may not be a bad guess that the screen people will make a concentrated drive for we who like a steady diet of the current authors.

During the recent actors' strike I had it from a friend of mine in that profession that one reason managers and players got together was that each realized the danger of breaking the "theatre habit." They feared, he said, the public's consequent turning to the book, magazine and photoplay producers. He said the factors in that strike realized that if the strike continued long, each side would "kill the goose that laid the golden egg" by cutting off from an ever fickle public what it could get accustomed to going without.

My friends of the printing trades unions may or may not find a warning in this statement.

M. B.

New York, Oct. 9, 1919.

A Wealthy Labor Leader

(From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

The career followed by John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers, is not commonly regarded as one leading to large fortune, or even to a competency, but Mr. Mitchell died the other day at the age of forty-nine, leaving to his wife and two children an estate in stocks and bonds valued at a quarter of a million dollars.

He was born in Will County, Ill., so poor that he attended school only until his tenth year, educating himself by night study and even reading law for a year. From an early age he worked in the coal mines, until his twenty-seventh year, when he took up union organization work. As head of the miners from 1899 to 1908 he conducted the great anthracite strikes of 1902-'03, probably the most successful movements in which mine workers of this country ever engaged. In recent years he held appointive places under the New York Governor.

Neither his salary nor the proceeds from his writings and lectures explain his $250,000 accumulation. Probably in the positions he occupied unusually favorable opportunities for investment were brought to his attention which his savings enabled him to improve.

Calling for Light

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will you kindly give me the reasons for the President's objections to reservations or amendments to the league of nations?

We are going to discuss the league at a meeting of our church club and if you will give me a brief outline of Mr. Wilson's objections it will not only be greatly appreciated but will be of real interest to us.

GEORGE GORDON.

New York, Oct. 9, 1919.

A Week of Verse

Maura

(From Poetry)

MAURA lies dead at last;
The body she gave to child and lover
Now feeds flower and tree.

Earth's arms are wide to her . . . what breast
Offers such gentle sleeping?
Her limbs lie peacefully.

From the dark West
Comes down a note like the echoing cry
Of one who rides through the dusk alone
After the hunt sweeps by.

It fades—the night wind is forlorn—
Music is still:
But Maura has followed the silver horn
Over the distant hill,
Over the hill where all winds die.

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT.

To a French City in War Time

(From The Anglo-French Review)

OH, WONDERFUL city of seaward lights,
And hastening, thoughtless feet,
I will keep faith!—by the nights
I stumbled upon the quay—
By the dust
Blown gold above the docks, to meet
The warlike sky, where searchlights thrust
Their spears and swords into infinity.

Long after all the hospitals are gone,
The leave-boats and the trafficked roads are still,
I will keep faith,—by every star that shone
On "Gloire à Jésus Christ" across the hill.
Though all these seeds of my desires spring tares
In peaceful days,
I will come back; to see the blue steeped haze
Lie calm again across your evening squares,
Rose pierced by lights from silent ships at sea.
Will you keep faith to me?

CAROLA OMAN.

To Science

(From The Sonnet)

AND if thou slay Him, shall the ghost not rise?
Yea! if thou conquer Him thine enemy,
His spectre from the dark shall visit thee—
Invincible, necessitous and wise.
The tyrant and mirage of human eyes,
Exhaled upon the spirit's darkened sea,
Shares He thy moment of eternity,
Thy truth confronted ever with His lies.

Thy banners gleam a little, and are furled;
Against thy turrets surge His phantom tow'rs;
Drugged with His opiates the nations nod,
Refusing still the beauty of thine hours;
And fragile is thy tenure of this world
Still haunted by the monstrous ghost of God.

GEORGE STERLING.

Chinese Coolie Songs

(From To-day)

Taken down from the lips of Chinese coolies with the B. E. F. in France and translated by A. Neville J. Whymant, Ph. D., Litt. D., late lieutenant of the Chinese Labor Corps.

FOREIGN INVENTIONS

THESE strange things which barbarians have
Have devil-bellies which make them go.
But we are a happier people
Who do not ally ourselves with the devil.

JINGLE

Eight times bow towards your friend,
Hail, brother! come, brother!
Eight times kneeling swear your friendship,
Come, brother; Ho, brother!
As liver and gall in mutual relation
The eight bows seal our brotherhood,
Thus brother friend—brother.

CHERRY BLOSSOM

The garment and the flesh of the winter world
Are torn, and here and there amid the opened wounds
The blood comes bursting through.

THE DRAGON FESTIVAL

Is something wrong with my Calendar?
The streets are all ablaze with flowers
And paper lanterns swinging to the breeze.
Big dragons looking in at the windows.
Little children have money in their hands.
This must be the Dragon Festival,
And yet in all this world of light,
I see the triumphant moon.

WILD DUCK IN FLIGHT

The wild duck scatter, afraid.
If only I could fly as my thoughts fly,
I would have a rich supper to-night!

Deaf

(From The Poetry Review, London)

NO MORE to me comes music,
—My ears are laughter-free!—
No more lake-water lapping
Can lull the soul of me.

Still lake and silent river,
But—God!—the silent seas!
Do songless birds leave silenced
The voices of the trees?

Ah, soul of me! God's mercy
Leaves Mem'ry ever near;
My mind remembers music
My ears can never hear.

In scent of spring, and color,
Cloud glory, love of thee
Is still a vaster music
To lift the soul of me.

MARGARET R. FLEMING.

Maid Virtue

(From Colour)

FRAGILE and slim and pale is she,
And cold as cold virginity.
She cannot feel the passionate pain
Of dreaming hearts, that dream in vain!
The crimson pleasures of the Wise
Only fill her with soft surprise.
Fragile and slim and pale is she,
And cold as cold virginity.

E. P. CRANMER.